

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

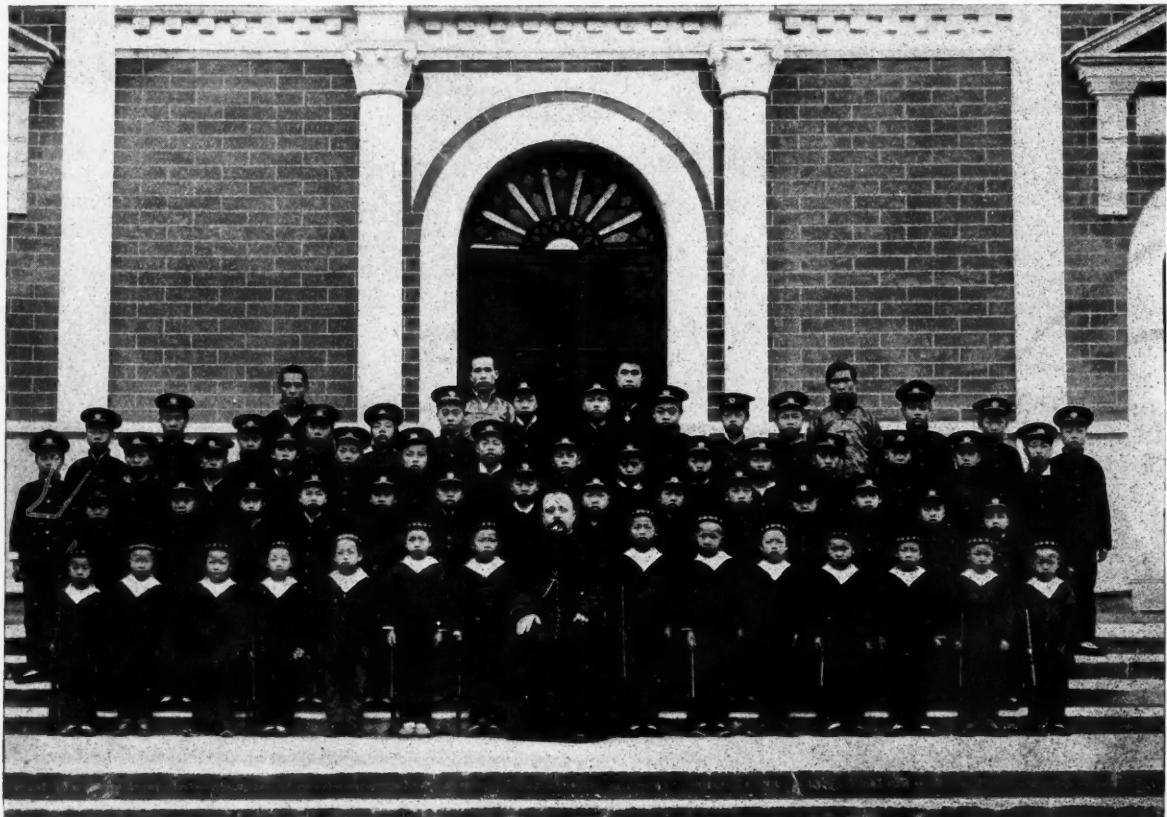
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YOUNG SOLDIERS OF CHINA WHO FOLLOW THE STANDARD OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

(Photo sent by Fr. Sageder, Hokowki.)

## \* THE FIELD AFAR \*

### THE FIELD AFAR

**Maryknoll: OSSINING P.O.  
NEW YORK**

**Issued every month**

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

TO our knowledge, three priests were among the French reserves who sailed from New York for the European battle-field. As we said good-bye to one of them, we could not help thinking of the loss which this mighty conflict has already caused to the army of Christ, by the withdrawal of such men from their proper fields of action and by the enlistment of hundreds of seminarists in the forces of the several countries involved.

From the mission-houses of France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, brave young patriots have gone forth to battle, some of them never to return, and the whitened harvest of heathen souls will be without the reapers who seemed destined in God's Providence to gather it into His granary.

These Soldiers of the Cross must, by the law of their lands, first follow the flag and perhaps hew down their very brothers in Christ, brothers who otherwise

might have toiled side by side with them against Satan and his hosts, their real enemies.

On what times have we fallen? The unbelievable has already occurred and we need not be surprised at any turn of events.

Will the result work hardship to the Church, through the domination over Europe of a hostile power? Perhaps. We are concerned with it all, but as one small mouth-piece for the millions who know not Christ, we express deep regret for the loss of men and means which the foreign missions will suffer through the impoverishment of Europe. We have confidence, however, that Catholic America will be privileged by God to compensate for this loss.

God wills that all men shall be saved and He wills that the means of salvation shall be provided. The mission spirit has been steadily increasing in this country and the finger of God seems now to single it out for a speedier development than any of us had anticipated. Let us rise to the task. God will help our weakness, as He will reward our charity.

\* \* \*

WE learn from a French priest, Fr. Gustave Raoult, now in Japan, that no fewer than eight papers are published in English and scattered through the Island Empire. These papers are:

*The Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo)  
*The Japan Gazette* (Yokohama)  
*The Japan Mail* (Yokohama)  
*The Nagasaki Press* (Nagasaki)  
*The Japan Chronicle* (Kobe)  
*The Kobe Herald* (Kobe)  
*The Japan Herald* (Yokohama)  
*The Japan Times*.

The last-mentioned is the only one published exclusively by the Japanese themselves.

Our correspondent wishes that American Catholics would publish an English paper in Japan, since all the above-named are either hostile or indifferent to the Catholic Church. "There is," he adds, "a *conspiracy of silence* against us Catholics and our works." Fr.

Raoult is praying that his brothers of the English tongue may respond to their vocation as Catholics. "One is not a Catholic," he concludes, "if he does not seek the conversion of the world."

\* \* \*

ONE of the few—too few—American Catholic weeklies that devote editorial space to the cause of foreign missions is the *Ave Maria*, and we rarely take up an issue of that carefully prepared publication without noting some reference to world-wide mission of the Church.

In the course of a lengthy comment which the *Ave Maria* lately made under the title, "Over a Batch of Letters from Missionaries in Foreign Fields," the Rev. Editor wrote:

"It is said that in the life of every Catholic worthy of the name there are times when a vivid realization of the immense boon of the Faith is accompanied by a keen desire for its propagation."

If we were what we should be, the constant motive of our lives would be to make known the beauty of Jesus our Christ, but we are weaklings.

The aspirant to public office has his faithful workers, the mine-owner, the inventor, the enterprising business-man, each has his agents and promoters, men whose undercurrent of thought is always to advance the cause of their patron.

Many of us in the fervor of our childhood faith longed to see everybody Catholic. That longing may be still with us, repressed, perhaps, but ready to be released. We like to believe that the average Catholic, though he may appear indifferent, has at heart the spread of the faith among his unbelieving countrymen and in the great pagan world beyond the seas, and we like to feel that he will respond if the opportunity is presented to him.

May the future of the Church in our country prove this confidence justified!

A Cardinal's Interest.

CARDINAL BOURNE of London is a staunch friend of the foreign missions and has shown many practical evidences of good will towards the Propagation of the Faith Society and the Foreign Mission Seminary of Mill Hill. On the occasion of a recent visit to Mill Hill, he expressed the hope that England, Ireland and Scotland would contribute to the Church many foreign mission vocations, and he declared his willingness to allow any of his own students who so desired, to enter the Foreign Mission College. "He thought," as the London *Tablet* records, "that if he allowed these aspirants to go forth on such laborious careers, the generosity would bring the blessing of God on his work at home and he would get the prayers of all the missionaries by way of recompense."

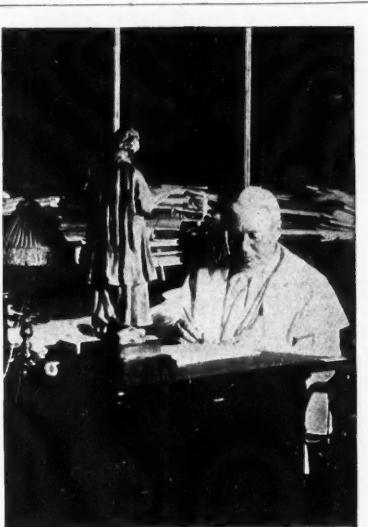
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Cultivating the Spirit.

THE Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis, if we may judge from the prospective sketch, will have the most attractive building of its kind in this country, but we have something better than this to say of it.

A missionary society is one of the lately organized activities, and its spirit may be noted from an account of the first open meeting. We read that on this occasion:

Very Rev. M. S. Ryan, C.M., D.D., President of the Seminary, voiced his approval of the society and its aims, saying that he was glad the students were no longer content with taking up a yearly collection for this or that poor mission, but had begun a systematic cultivation of the missionary spirit. He remarked that a seminarian is going to be really helped by his missionary endeavor only in as far as this endeavor is the result of self-sacrifice, and that it is not so much what the student will now give to the missions in money as what his zeal as a priest will afterwards win for them from the faithful, that makes such an organization so helpful to the cause of Home and Foreign Missions.



*Eternal rest give, O Lord, to the soul of Pius X., father of the poor and the little ones, friend of all mankind.*

Our late Sovereign Pontiff, as he appeared when writing his precious words of blessing for the organizers and benefactors of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

Vocation.

AT THE SCHOOL OF THEOPHANE VÉNARD.

Oh Lord, my God, my love for Thee does call!  
My heart to give, my life to spend for Thee  
That love incites, from earth and mischief free  
To Thee for e'er, to Thee myself enthrall.  
I hear that voice of love. My heart so small  
Would fain enlarge itself, increase its fire,  
And always say anew and ne'er to tire:  
To Thee, oh God, to Thee my life and all.  
But hush . . . That call, my God, is not content  
With my poor self and poorer heart alone,  
Where chill and cold 'midst burning passions throne.  
So soon, so soon were its small fountains spent.  
It thinks of broader stream from richer spring  
. . . Help Thou! and all the world to Thee I bring.

L.

Aspirations of a Youth.

A PRIEST-READER discovered the following paragraphs in a French magazine. They have been translated for THE FIELD AFAR.

A young man is twenty years of age. He has youth and can be happy. All of a sudden he is seized by a thought. He says to himself: "Beyond the seas there are people in darkness. Instead of living in the arms of my mother, of my sisters, instead of dying surrounded by my little children, I will go to visit these pagans, I will carry to them the Crucifix!"

He takes his departure, he abandons his native country, the roof under which he was born, the tree that witnessed his first dreams—all those precious things the value of which one knows only when he has left them. He gives up his old father, his mother, whom he will never see again, the garments to which he is accustomed, his language. He will live hidden in the woods or at the bottom of a cave. Some day, perhaps, he will be taken, yoked under a cangue or pierced with arrows.

He knows all this and yet he goes—without regret. What do I say? *Happy*, with the *Cross of Jesus* on his breast. He runs, he flies. Who bears him away? Who has spoken to his heart? Who sustains him? Who has put serenity in his countenance, rapture in his soul?

Ye breezes, bear him away on your wings. Ye waves, be calm. It is the heart of the Catholic Church that passes; it is the true Church, that carries the Crucifix into the world.

—Bishop Bougaud.

*Centre your attention on some soul, known or unknown to you, here or in some pagan land. Pray and offer good works for its conversion.*

Associates in Perpetuity.

WE are asked not infrequently if we have connected with our work a *purgatorial society* or a *membership in perpetuity*.

We have the latter, applied to the living or the dead. The offering is *fifty dollars* and may, if preferred, be made in small amounts within a year.

The spiritual advantages to all our associates are numerous. They will be fully explained on application.

## + THE FIELD AFAR +

### Notes for Our Readers.



EADERS who know Fermoy, County Cork, a section of Ireland where hearts are warm and where no Ulsters are needed, will be pleased to learn that **THE FIELD AFAR** has found a welcome there.

In one of its flights last spring, the *Young Eagle*, of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, dropped a message of good will for Maryknoll. This came to light only recently but we hope it is not too late to say 'thank you' to the gracious editor.

Writing from Scotland, one of our subscribers congratulates the United States on its *Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary* and expresses the wish that a like work might be started on his native heath and run along similar lines.

He says that it would almost certainly have great success, if one can judge by the magnificent gifts of men and money contributed to the Foreign Missions of Protestant Churches in Scotland.

The idea of **THE FIELD AFAR** as an instrument of direct conversion on the mission field, never occurred to us until recently. A letter from the Far East arrived last week, announcing that a prominent native, who knew English, had expressed a desire for Catholic literature in that language. A set of **THE FIELD AFAR** completed the equipment supplied, but we have yet to know the result. We are well aware that God chooses the foolish things of this earth to confound the wise.

#### NEWS FROM MILL HILL.

The Very Rev. Francis Henry has been re-elected Superior-General of St. Joseph's (Mill Hill) Foreign Mission Society, England. Father Henry recently completed

a tour of all the missions entrusted to the Mill Hill Fathers, and this experience, coupled with that which he has already had in directing the Society, will be of great value in his future ministrations. We congratulate Mill Hill on so efficient a head and we wish for our 'big sister' in England an ever-increasing influence in the missionary world.

The Rev. Dr. Ahaus, who directs Mill Hill's new apostolic school in Holland, writes:

I am putting up a new building now. I have twenty-five very promising boys and I hope to have at least forty next year.

How is your apostolic school getting on? It is a grand work and though you may have tons of all miseries, you do serve the Lord "in joy," as is noticeable from **THE FIELD AFAR**.

I shall have my boys say a special prayer for yours every day, because I feel so strongly how much American Catholic missionaries are needed.

Our readers are familiar with Fr. Merkes' interesting accounts of his mission in Madras, India. Now the scene is changed, for the worthy Vicar-General, recalled to Europe on account of sickness, is in his native Holland. His pen is still active, however, and a recent visit to Tilburg, Mill Hill's new preparatory school, has inspired this letter for **THE FIELD AFAR**:

Tilburg is situated in the diocese of Bishop van den Ven, a man who, though over eighty years old, takes the lead in every good work and is especially interested in the foreign missions.

**A MODERN MARTYR**  
sells for fifty cents.  
Postage ten cents extra.

### An American Missionary in Alaska

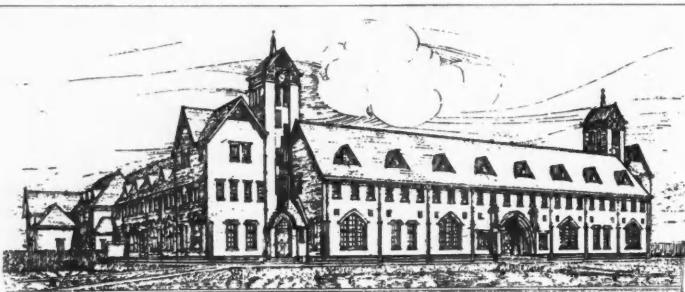
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Though there were already more than a dozen mission-houses in his diocese, still his consent was readily and cheerfully granted when, two years ago, we wished to start this school.

From the very outset the number of applications for admission was large and this year there will be at least forty-five students on the rolls. The temporary quarters are in a rented building, where the accommodation is quite insufficient and unsatisfactory. The same room does service as refectory, study hall and recreation room. The vapors of fine Dutch soup and mashed potatoes fill the classical atmosphere of Tacitus and Cicero, and are in turn replaced by the fumes of Dutch cigars and pipes. The boys, however, look serenely happy, and that they are really so is proved by their splendid appetites and merry songs.

The large new building is now in the course of construction and the energetic rector, Dr. Ahaus, hopes to open the third scholastic year there this fall. The house will be practical, cheerful, thoroughly well-built and capable of accommodating one hundred students. In a separate wing there will also be quarters for the Sisters who are to have charge of the household affairs.

Of course the rector has not the money to pay for all this, but the Dutch Catholics have advanced it as a loan. Tilburg is a Catholic town and the people are proud and happy that the number of mission-houses in Holland is going to be increased by one.



THE PROPOSED APOSTOLIC SCHOOL AT TILBURG, HOLLAND.

## \* THE FIELD AFAR \*

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### Our Missioners' Column.

**WE** wish to acknowledge letters and photographs from:

#### AFRICA—

Bishop Biermans, Upper Nile.

#### CHINA—

Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. Planchet, Pekin.

#### INDIA—

Fr. Aelen, Nellore; Fr. Panjikaran, Kandy.

#### JAPAN AND KOREA—

Bishop Mutel, Seoul; Fr. Evrard, Yokohama; Fr. Claudius Ferrand, Fusani.

#### OCEANIA—

Fr. Guinard, Fiji.

We have received letters from:

#### AFRICA—

Fr. Patrick Rogan, Mumias; Fr. J. M. Hurkman, Ngora; Fr. Matthews, Nsambya; Fr. Campion, Nsambya; Fr. J. Meehan, Bathurst.

#### CHINA—

Fr. Andrew McArdle, Hu-Chow; Fr. Cheilletz, Hwangtsao-pa; Fr. Williatte, Hin-ny-fou; Sr. Mary Angeline, Canton; Sr. Xavier, Chusan.

#### INDIA—

Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam; Fr. R. Michotte, Kumbakonam.

#### INDO-CHINA—

Very Rev. Bertrand Cothonay, Lang-Son.

#### MALESIA—

Fr. Haidegger, Kuching.

#### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. James Mansfeld, Arevalo.

Thanks to you, Father Meehan, for the *Bulletin Religieux* of Sene-gambia, with its account of your church dedication. Your printing press is more extensive than our own. More power to it!

We believe that we can find among the Catholic colleges in this country, one or more willing to educate a Chinese student who is well recommended by some bishop or priest.

Does any missioner know of such a student who can pay his way to the United States? Or of a very promising one who cannot provide his passage?

#### THE PHILIPPINES.

Bishop Foley, of the Too-gay-rah-rah-oh, in the Philippines, has lost his 'rusty,' the genial Father Killion. The Bishop writes that his secretary has departed for a better land, and adds, "He does not have to go to Heaven to find a better land than the Philippines."

The trouble lies just here. Fr. Killion was loaned to the Philip-

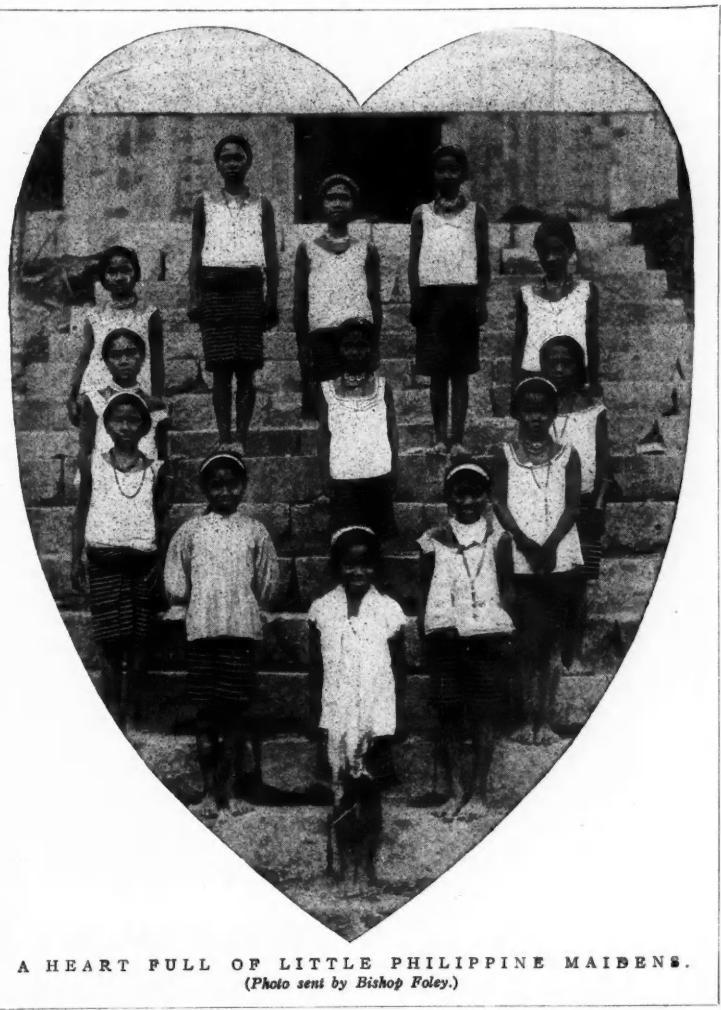
pines and the time for his return has elapsed, much to his disappointment, we believe.

Bishop Foley says that he took leave of his secretary at Quiangan, and he continues:

We were delighted with our stay there. It is the gate of that wonderful mountain region of which you have probably heard so much, where Secretary Worcester reigns supreme over the temporalities and the Belgian Fathers over the spiritual welfare of the poor, wild tribes. Judging by the enthusiasm of Padre Killion's letters to me, I should say it wouldn't have taken much

urging on the part of those great priests to induce him to camp right there and join their order. They are the ideal missionaries of the twentieth century, say I. The Foreign Mission Society of America has not yet sent out her first batch of young laborers and so I know I am not hurting your feelings when I give these splendid men the praise they deserve.

The young assistant Padre at Quiangan took the photograph I am enclosing. I think it is charming, don't you? You may wish to use it in *THE FIELD AFAR* some of these days. The little girls are arranged in the form of a heart. So it's *hearty* greetings from the maidens of Quiangan to *THE FIELD AFAR*.



## \* THE FIELD AFAR \*

I shall miss Fr. Killion very much but I am thankful to the good Lord, Who gave me his services at the most critical of times, when we had to start everything *ab ovo*. I am not left entirely alone, as the Dominican Fathers in charge of the boys' college are all fine men and help me in my work and in my play. They come over every afternoon to play lawn tennis and the exercise keeps me in good physical condition, which is a big item here. They are a great help for pontifical ceremonies, for confessions and for the Masses on Sunday. All in all, I am well situated and provided for.

I know Padre Killion will hunt you up just as soon as he can, and I am sure the interview will prove mutually profitable.

Aglipayans are still active in the Philippines and one of the Fathers of the Divine Word, Fr. Buttenbruch, has suffered not a little from their hostility. He was arrested on a trumped-up charge, subjected to most unjust treatment and sentenced to a heavy fine. The good missioner was not disturbed, however, but appealed to a higher court.

Catholic missioners have a chance to practice apostolic poverty and they do it cheerfully. Father Vandewalle's condition is that of many a toiler in the wilds, but he gives us some details that are of special interest. He writes from his mission in Tagudin:

To-day, the first of the "Marymonth," I closed up my bills and had a balance on hand of — forty-three cents. It was a wonderful occasion.

Would you like to know the valuation of some of my property? Yesterday an official came to inspect one of the schools, with a view to the collection of taxes. He decided that the whole place was worth ten "pesos," i.e., *five dollars*. Isn't this the cheapest school-building on record? We shall have to close it next month, when the rainy season begins.

It's worth while to pat a dog on the head in the presence of his owner—if the owner has anything left in his pocket. But when we printed a photo from the Philippines, with Fr. Gericke's dog *Snookums* taking precedence over bishops, we were really inno-

cent of any attempt at extortion. We would not draw blood from a stone or rob the inmates of a poor-house, yet here is the result of our flattery:

One morning I woke up and found that *Snookums'* fame had gone abroad. I received a stack of letters telling about his picture in THE FIELD AFAR.

I showed "Snooks" the picture and he smiled, but he laughed outright when he saw that he had been put down as "the noblest Filipino of them all." So in gratitude he herewith sends you five dollars for five hundred square feet of land. He can't understand why ground is so cheap in New York.

### JAPAN.

As 'the only American Catholic missioner in Japan,' Fr. Nicholas Walter of Osaka has been mentioned in our columns and elsewhere. But we learn that since the Jesuits arrived in the Island Empire, Fr. Walter need not be so distinguished.

There are at present stationed in Tokyo, Fr. Gettelman, Fr. Hillig and Fr. Keel. All three are from the St. Louis province of the Society of Jesus and although two were certainly born abroad and about the third we are doubtful, all three, we are assured, are good Americans.

Since this was written, a fourth American has left to join the Jesuit community at Tokyo,—the Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S. J. Fr. McNeal is a native of Baltimore and a graduate of Georgetown University, where he was also professor until last June.

Shoes, hats, railways, telegraphs and other modern improvements have made their way into the Island Empire, but the 'little Jap' has waked up fast and even Bishop Chatron met with a big surprise on his latest visitation. He wrote us on his return to Osaka:

In the midst of these wild mountains I found myself in the presence of—automobiles! Hitherto in visiting some of my brave co-workers, I had to spend three days and three nights. This time I did the job in a few hours. Still, as

### THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

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it was my first experience with the diabolical machines, I confess that I made, on the brink of these frightful precipices, more than one act of contrition.

### CHINA.

Father Burke, of Peoria, Ill., writes us this month some results of his observations in China and especially in that out-of-the-way part of China which is called Mongolia.

Since the Boxer Movement, the work of missioners in China has not been so difficult and dangerous as it was before that unfortunate event. The Chinese, realizing that the whole civilized world was aroused by it, are heartily ashamed and are doing what they can to show their sorrow for the loss of so many lives and the destruction of so much property.

As is well known, the first missioners on the field in China were the Jesuits. While I was prepared to see good results of their labors, I was much surprised and pleased when I discovered what they are accomplishing at Shanghai and Sicawei. Besides their regular missionary work, these zealous priests have a university, a college, elementary schools, an observatory and an orphanage.

The care and treatment of their eight hundred orphan boys attracted my admiration to such a degree that I took some American non-Catholics to see the good done by our Catholic missioners among the Chinese. The children come to the institution pagans, are instructed in the truths of our faith and in due time become Christians. When old enough, they learn some useful trade in the technical school, where forty different trades are taught. I was astounded at the skill and dexterity of these little Chinese. I saw some carving statues, making beautiful altars and painting pictures of the Madonna and the saints, while others were busy at the work of carpenter, blacksmith, shoemaker, printer, etc.

Even while learning their trade, these boys earn enough to support themselves. After leaving the school, they go to various parts of China, to work or to teach others. This technical school does much towards the civilization and Christianization of the country.

But it is of the progress of the Church in Mongolia that I wish to speak. This district comprises all that portion of China which is north of the Great Wall, and has a population of about 10,000,000. Of these, 80,000 are Catholics, divided into three vicariates with 180 priests, forty of whom are native Chinese.

The priests in Mongolia, except the natives, belong to the Foreign Mission Society of Scheut, Belgium, which has been working in the country for about fifty years. In many of the larger parishes there are schools. A few of these are in charge of Sisters but most of them are taught by native men and women under the supervision of the pastor.

The diocese of Middle Mongolia, presided over by Bishop van Aerstelaer, has 69 priests, of whom 25 are natives. The pastor of the cathedral is Fr. Amadee Esquenet, a zealous missioner, who has the largest parish in the diocese, with 3,000 Christians and 500 catechumens under his care. In his parish there are 200 Holy Communions every morning and 500 every Sunday. Of course this community is an especially good one, but the figures show the deep religious spirit of the Chinese.

A great difficulty in the work of conversion lies in the custom by which the poor sell their daughters to rich pagans. When a family whose daughters have been thus disposed of, is brought into the faith, it is necessary to purchase these girls back again from those who bought them, and this requires in each case about ten dollars.

During the Boxer trouble in 1900, five priests and one thousand Christians were put to death in Middle Mongolia. Three of the priests were burned to death in the church, while the other two were beheaded. Since "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," we may look for many conversions in future years.

Two American Franciscan Fathers have recently been called to China. Fr. Juniper Doolin, who had returned to this country after working six years in the province of Central Shensi, has been sent to South Hunan. Fr. Edward Lunney has gone to Central Shensi.

These men are both of Irish extraction and both from the Golden West, the one from San Francisco and the other from Los Angeles. We hear that they have been called especially to teach English in the seminaries.

Shortly before his retirement from the See of Canton, Bishop Mérel wrote:

We are rejoicing in the present peace, yet we dare not have confidence for the future. Our missioners, however, are working with their usual zeal, for their hope is in the power and mercy of the Great God whose Name we are preaching to these people.

The leper settlement is doing well, thanks to the labors of Fr. Conrardy, Fr. Deswazières and the Chinese priest, Fr. André Tchao, who has devoted himself to the work. The Canadian Sisters are very happy with their lepers and hope to convert them all.

*The Field Afar for one year to any one address:*

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25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

*If you pay only fifty cents for THE FIELD AFAR, you give all that is asked for an ordinary subscription. Your money goes to defray the expense of publication.*

*If you add fifty cents, you help our work materially and become associated with us spiritually.*



A SEMINARIAN IN HANGCHOW, CHINA.

This young man, whose photograph was sent to us by Bishop Faveau, is a seminarian at Hangchow, a student in Philosophy. We learn that the cost of his board, tuition, etc., is forty dollars a year, and we are tempted to wish that Maryknoll were located in China.

## \* THE FIELD AFAR \*

### Fr. Cethonay, O.P., in Tong-king.



THOSE among our readers who have followed us from the start will recall that we went to Hawthorne on the invitation of the Prior of the French Dominicans, Very Rev. Fr. Bertrand Cethonay. Not long afterwards—we hope and believe that we were not the cause—good Fr. Cethonay was recalled to Europe and settled in a little parish in Switzerland to regain his health.

On the 30th day of last December, the Holy See detached from the Vicariate of North Tong-king a vast territory which was made an Apostolic Prefecture and confided to the Dominicans of the Lyons Province, to which Fr. Cethonay belongs. The direction of the new prefecture has fallen on our friend.

The country in this part of Tong-king is mountainous. It is inhabited largely by savage tribes, with some thousands of Chinese and Annamites, and a sprinkling of French.

There are about four small centres of evangelization and hardly a thousand Christians, so that almost everything is yet to be done. Fr. Cethonay has eight missionaries and a strong hope of more to come. In a letter which arrived at Maryknoll recently, he says:

The long voyage is over and I have reached my destination. Among the hardships of the life at sea, we had some consolations. There were three priests on the ship and we were able to say Mass on twenty-one days out of thirty. On the four Sundays we had Mass on deck publicly.

Pentecost Day was especially impressive. We were sailing along the coast of Cochin-China and the sea was very calm. After the Gospel, I addressed the assembly, which included the commandant of the ship and most of the passengers. I was much moved by the beauty of the scene and the solemnity of the occasion and have seldom experienced such joy in preaching. No doubt the Holy Ghost, of whom I was speaking, was the cause of it. After Mass the commandant thanked me and said, "My mother will be very happy when she learns what happened on my ship to-day."

I arrived at Lang-Son at half past seven. At this latitude it is night before seven.

The clergy, the catechists and nearly all the Christians of Lang-Son were waiting for me. There was a torch-light procession, with fireworks and a display of three splendid banners on which were written in the Annamite language many fine and poetical things. Arrived at the church, the Christians chanted their beautiful prayers of thanksgiving and welcome. I blessed them and they retired.

The next morning they all gathered again. After Mass they chanted the inscriptions on the banners, addressed me with many compliments, making the usual elaborate prostrations, and offered me gifts of eggs, bananas and other fruits. I replied by a little discourse that I had prepared during the voyage. It began: "*Dâi Chúa Lời da định thày lai về Nước Annam làm be trên.*" I will spare you the rest.

After the reception of the various groups, among them one of twenty blind beggars, who also presented bananas and eggs, I was informed that my good people expected from me some more substantial token of friendship than my badly pronounced words of admiration and gratitude. The catechists, students and servants in the "House of God" asked that a hog be given to them; the Christians of the village wanted an ox, and the blind men would have three dollars a month. Well, I had to furnish the hog, the ox and many other things,

### BE A LAND-OWNER.

Total area at Maryknoll,	4,450,000 ft.
Disposed of up to Sept.	
1, 1914,	1,816,394 "
Held for purchase at one cent a foot,	2,633,606 "

### Send for a land-slip.

and my munificence was trumpeted abroad.

The heat is intense and I feel very weak. Shall I be able to stand this long and terrible Tonkinese summer? It is the secret of God, but I am not without apprehensions. I live in a small room, poorly ventilated and without comforts. But there is no time for despondency, as I have to face a grave situation. I must build at once a few stations, with a seminary for the training of catechists and later, please God, of native priests. I must also, with my poor resources, support about fifty persons, but good Providence is my purser.

I think one of my banners would adorn the walls of your museum and so am sending it to you.

Please pray and ask prayers for our poor mission of Lang-Son. It is a long time since I have seen the dear FIELD AFAR. You understand that your work interests me now more than ever, if possible.

(See page 11 for notice of Fr. Cethonay's book. [Ed.])



BABES OF CHRIST IN TONG-KING.  
(Photo sent by Fr. Dupin.)

**The Job and the Jungle.**

By Red Indian.

[Father Gavan Duffy, who lives in India, the country of long names, has sent us a series of articles, giving in his own excellent style some of the more interesting real experiences of a missioner. For the preparation of these articles our friend in the East took advantage of a period during which he was kept "mostly in a sitting position by swollen feet, a result of the hottest week of the year."

Some of our readers are following Fr. Gavan Duffy with special interest. Let us whisper that he needs a lift just now.]



THE RED INDIAN AND HIS AUTOMOBILE.

"WELL, and I'm sorry for it," said the widow, as she picked up her hoe and went off to earn her two cents digging weeds in the ground-nut fields owned by the local pagan Dives.

This was in conclusion to what had been a somewhat excited conversation among the village matrons who had met at the well. The bellying water-pots resting upon their hips were not more hollow than had been their talk, for logic is the last of gifts among a people where few men and no women can read and where custom and prejudice enact all existing taboos. Accordingly it was chiefly the unanalyzed impression that continuity had been broken which led to their conviction, but they were quite sure that it was a

pity the Bishop had removed to his rest the old priest, for many years past his work, who had occupied the "presbytery" mud cottage until the previous day, and installed in his place new blood, fresh from the Hudson breezes.

There had been nothing as yet to justify any adverse criticism. Indeed, the new priest had arrived more dead than alive, after some hours of prostration in the midst of divers bags and boxes at the bottom of a bullock-cart. He had hardly even noted the vociferous salutations and profound salaams of the crowd assembled by the peals of the church-gong.

He was an ordinary sort of missioner, not ecstatic, but possessed simply by a profound belief in the "worth while" of the Job even in the Jungle. He had a few salient and very human faults, some virtues, a little poetry, and a passion for thoroughness, at least so he himself said. With such a character, it was something of a "toss-up" whether he would be uniformly miserable among the apathetic and sublunary people of his new district, or, seizing on their essential good will and allowing generously for their shortcomings, enthusiastically happy. As far as he could perceive, he had no inclination for the former attitude; he felt that he was "in for it,"—a decidedly bracing sensation.

The house had not been cleaned for many a sultry day. This came home to Father Benjamin as he lifted a box from the corner of a shelf and set a terrified scorpion sailing up the wall, tail erect and curved for war. Nor was the impression, sufficiently brought to

**WHEN REFLECTING  
Remember This Cause—  
in your will.  
Our legal title:  
Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.**

the notice of other senses besides that of sight, contradicted by the action of the cat, which, during supper, chased a large and dangerous centipede from beside the reverend feet.

All this, had she been in the ken, might have afforded the good widow an explanation of what she saw as she passed the presbytery on her way (not the shortest way, to be sure) to her work. The bags and boxes, still unpacked, were all a-scramble round the door, in the space between the sacristy and the cottage, while old chairs and shaky tables limped in anguish at the prospect of yet another régime, after all that they had seen in their long years of service. There was a bonfire within easy reach of the "veranda" steps, yet far enough to avoid the danger of setting the thatched roof ablaze, and therein might be descried the charred debris of priceless (the new priest had declared them filthy) odds and ends.

"He must have stacks of rupees!" said the widow to the little boy who came out with the next load of combustibles, and it seemed so natural that he *should* have them that she forgot to think of the two cents she was to get at the end of her day's hard work. But Father Benjamin overheard the remark and thought with some pity of the two cents. The *stacks*, he knew, were non-existent, for he depended entirely upon the vast but still

inadequate charity of the faithful in America; but it was not without an effort that he resisted the temptation to call up the widow and give her a rupee. Yet he had principles, and they came to the rescue now, with the result that he very nearly called up the widow to put her name down first on the list of evidently necessary donations for the repairing of the church.

She needed no calling up, however, but with the instinct of child-races, after the salutations required by elaborate respect, asked for a medal. Now since every article was outside the house, there were obviously no medals within reach, but this piece of information did not in the least convince the lady. If there were no medals, there *must* be pictures; if no pictures, paper; if no paper, a box. *Something* must imperatively be produced to satisfy her notion of the fitness of things, a notion which took small account of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Father Benjamin at last capitulated on terms of an old illustrated monthly, found lying in a corner—from which we may infer that it was not THE FIELD AFAR.

When, some hours later, all being duly ordered for existence, the clock and the thermometer were at last unpacked, both revealed a startling state of things, which made Father Benjamin feel justified in remembering that he was on the verge of collapse. A short struggle with his curry and rice, an unconditional surrender to the noon siesta—and the time came to face some of the problems of his new position.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the sun went down behind the palm trees, Father Benjamin sallied out to inspect the village of Truth. It was a Christian settlement of a century's standing, but for a population of over a thousand, the number of huts was alarmingly small. The village was pressed in on all sides by pagan hamlets, so that building-space had to be taken on the arable land, itself restricted to fragments of



"He wondered what lights a little catechism might not bring to those dancing black eyes."

what had once been the broad acres of original settlers. In this part of India, useful land is mathematically limited by the number of cubic feet of water in the rain-tanks, of which each village has one or more, and there is no room for the necessary expansion of families, unless it be by subdivision of land *ad absurdum*. The double result in the village of Truth was a disastrous Bohemianism (the pretext being a search for work with the saw), and the shadow of the

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money-lender across the threshold of every home.

Father Benjamin was well aware that these miserable social conditions would bring upon him a flood of would-be borrowers, and that every soul in the village would be restless till it was ascertained how much could be "got out" of the new priest. And he knew that his only answer would have to be the effort to educate his people. He might bring about the establishment of a Coöperative Credit Society; he might possibly be able to negotiate the sale of some neighboring heathen lands; and, if friends at home came to his assistance, he might, while putting up the buildings necessary for this much-neglected station, provide a slight increase of income for those who were ready to work. Meanwhile, these methods not being instantaneous in effect and the Indian being a grown-up child, his popularity would go by the board, though this did not matter except in so much as it might affect his success.

The flurry of black arms and legs that was around him before he had gone far into the village, brought another problem to his mind. It was clear that a gross of boys and as many girls were running wild all over the country on the plea of minding cattle. He wondered what transformations a little training might not effect and what lights a little catechism might not bring to those dancing black eyes,

and he wondered how he was going to manage it all alone. Yet one thing was certain: his first work must be a school for boys. And as he went out of the village into the rice-fields and saw how they were kept alive day after day by hard workers getting up before the sun to irrigate them, he found a model for himself and knew that if for a single day he neglected the watering of those weak souls, they would very soon dry up in the blaze of paganism in which they lived.

As he came back to the church, his thoughts went out to the twenty-eight other villages of which Truth was the head-station. Of all these, only two had catechists and the semblance of a school. The rest, filled with pariahs whose temporal situation was irremediably miserable and whose spiritual poverty was just what one might expect in a semi-savage people living at a distance from the church, gave limitless scope for his zeal, much more indeed than he could possibly embrace.

And then the pagan world faced him; it pressed his village on every side, till the miracle was how faith could subsist at all when superstition formed the frame of daily life for all with whom the Christians came in contact outside their own small settlement. He saw again the rows of huts and houses in the hamlets he had passed through on his way from the distant railroad,—each door and wall with its pagan symbols keeping truth and virtue at bay; each home with its bright-faced children, whose souls looked out of their eyes until they were spoiled by what those eyes had seen; each

family with its mother still under the contempt which is no longer with us, and its father hard bent on the struggle of this world and regardless of the next, unless it was to propitiate a god hostile to present interests. So the whole reign of untruth stood up before him as though to crush him who had been sent to combat it—to attack it, or at least to keep it from invading the domain of Truth. And he was alone. . . .

But Christ was with him; and he bent quicker steps to the poor church where One was waiting who had created and re-created.

(To be continued.)

\* \* \*

#### Publications Noted.

**T**HE life story of Father Victorin Delbrouck, a Franciscan martyr of our own days, is interestingly told in a little book that has come to us through the kindness of a friend in the Franciscan Monastery at Paterson, N. J.

Congratulations are due to the Society of the Divine Word for its ever-increasing output of mission literature. A stirring appeal recently published is entitled *God Wills It*. The price is fifteen cents.

Techny enterprise is evident in the early production of St. Michael's Almanac, an attractive publication of more than a hundred pages. The selling-price is twenty-five cents, postpaid.

Address: The Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.

The Devin-Adair Company, of 437 Fifth Ave., New York, is

#### To Dominican Tertiaries!

Have you read the

#### LIVES OF TWENTY-SIX MARTYRS OF TONKIN

by the new Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. M. B. Cothonay, O. P.?

You, above all, will appreciate this book, but any one of our readers will find it interesting.

Send one dollar for it to this office and we will forward half of the payment to our zealous friend in Tong-king.

publishing a baseball story—*Fred Carmody, Pitcher*—by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. Fr. Blunt is never dull.

Readers who have a devotion to the Salvation of the Dying—and this devotion should appeal especially to friends of the missions—will be interested in a newly published booklet on the subject. It is written by a Franciscan Father and costs ten cents.

Father Walz, C.P.P.S., of Rome City, Ind., has sent us his excellent book on the glories of the Precious Blood, entitled *Why is Thy Apparel Red?* In one of the eighteen devotional chapters Fr. Walz points out to all lovers of the Precious Blood, the necessity of prayer for the missions.

*What the Protestant Bible says about the Catholic Church* is a forceful little pamphlet published by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh, Pa. To place such a book in the hands of any thinking Protestant is to present him with a series of arguments that turn the boasted weapon of Protestantism into a defense of Catholic doctrine.

#### STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price Sixty Cents, postpaid.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR : Ossining, New York



## The War and the Knoll.



O you think, dear reader, because we live in the silence of the hills and because we write occasionally of gentle lambs, cud-chewing cows and easy-going horses, that we hear no sounds of war?

The war has invaded our camp. Paul, our patient Paul, who fought his way through flies to cook for us and who later served us as a trained farm-hand, sailed for France with the second body of reserves. No one could keep him back, although he had a chance to hold over for the next boat. Hatred has no place in Paul's heart but the love of *la patrie* is so strong in him that he has always dreamt of returning and while here would not even bother to learn our language. Like others, however, who have tarried at the Knoll, Paul probably hopes to return later, and we are praying that his life will not be sacrificed.

If the Prince of Peace were not the ruler at Maryknoll, it is hard to say what might happen, since at the present writing Austria, Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Holland, Ireland and America are all represented within our territorial limits. Several of our number, including the 'ship-carpen-  
ter,' are toilers who were already bronzed in Europe before they came to us, but fortunately they do not understand one another well enough to get into the depths, even if they were inclined to wade into an argument. It has been interesting and, we may add, edifying to note the fine control which these patriots have exhibited when news was announced that spelled disaster to one and victory to another.

The senior students returned in time to help us unload THE FIELD AFAR on its unfortunate subscribers, also to paint a barn that has been starving many years for lack of turpentine and

white lead. These two occupations, though quite unrelated, we considered equally commendable.

Our 'crack painter,' who received his training as an observer in his Uncle Sammy's navy-yard, was so successful with the first coat that a specialist who saw the barn ascribed the result to a white-wash spraying machine. The horses do not seem to be disturbed and are as humble as before.

Lest we forget to record it for future generations, we inform our readers that we have recently added to the barn a section for agricultural implements and a silo from Kalamazoo. We recommend the latter acquisition as a subject for our Uganda poet and we start him off with the heading—usually the most difficult part of a poet's work—*That Silo from Kalamazoo*.

We chose Kalamazoo, Michigan, to supply our silo, out of respect for one of its foremost citizens, Monsignor O'Brien. The firm that furnished it has twice assured us that there is nothing like it in this part of the country. This may mean trouble ahead but we hope that time will prove there is nothing quite so good as

*Our Silo from Kalamazoo.*

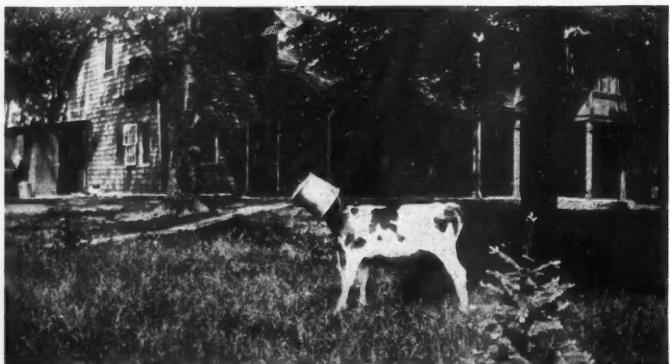
We expect, with your permission, to pay for this silo soon. We had

to get it, as the corn would soon be on its ear.

And this reminds us, dear reader, to let you know that for some cause or other, our daily bread came during the summer months in rolls rather than in loaves,—and a roll is less than half a loaf. We don't want you to weep over our need, or even to send us a relief offering (which, of course, we could not in conscience refuse), but it would please us mighty to have you forward here about five new subscriptions to this paper of ours.

Tell your friends that they will suffer no more than you do and that if they suffer, much good will come to them,—and to us, that is, to our work. It will be just as easy to get one dollar out of them and make them Associate Subscribers, (an imposing title), as to get fifty cents and keep them down in the ordinary list. Come up.

Our land has been yielding a goodly crop and if all our readers, or any fair proportion of them, understood farming even as well as we do ourselves, we would print statistics. We may say, however, and with all due modesty, that every one who visits Maryknoll is proud to have purchased some of our land and every guest who has not bought any is



"MARTHA WASHINGTON" TRYING HER HEAD AT MARYKNOLL THRIFT.

properly ashamed of himself. The right to purchase is still the possession of our readers but we have waived the right to circularize them again on this particular need.

Up to date we have secured payment, at the rate of one cent a square foot, on over 1,800,000 feet. This is more than one third of the whole. No gift at the present time will please us more than one that will free our land.

We are looking forward to the annual retreat, which will be in progress as this issue of THE FIELD AFAR is circulating. The preacher of the retreat is the Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Our scholastic term opens with a total for Maryknoll and Scranton of twenty-five students, almost equally divided between the two houses. Two of the new arrivals at Maryknoll are from Maryland, one from Iowa (diocese of Des Moines), and three from as many cities in Eastern Massachusetts.

Our readers—at least the older and more observant among them—know that we do not expect from students who are advanced enough to begin Philosophy or Theology, any payment for board and education. The burses (see page 15) which we are gradually accumulating, will enable us to meet this expense, and until there are enough to go around, we will find some means to supply the deficiency.

For the Vénard students at Scranton, the case is of necessity different. It is the experience of such schools that only a fair proportion, varying from 25 to 50 per cent of all who enter, continue to the course of Philosophy. From the Junior students, therefore, we ask what they can give. We limit our request, however, to \$200, which, to anyone familiar with household bills, will not seem an overcharge. As the payments run from this amount down to nothing, a margin is left to be filled in by the charitably inclined for some deserving youths.

The Teresians spent the summer

between New York and Pennsylvania. In relays they left their tasks at Maryknoll to make retreats in Scranton with the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, their new guides in the spiritual life.

It is some time since we asked for anything striking. A good-sized clock was our last venture, and an alarm was sounded on us but nothing else happened. We have given up hope of the clock,—at least for a while, but we are now on the look-out for a dog and a piano.

We need a dog to protect the sheep during the day and the Teresians at night. We had one dog, *Major*, but he was spoiled to death. Don't send the animal without notifying us.

The excuse for the piano is to silence a wheezy organ in the recreation room and a kitchen accordion, either of which is enough to make a saint forget his prayers, but both of which, played together from adjoining rooms with the windows open, would make a horse weep.

We will gladly pay cartage and freight on the piano, and while we know that beggars should not be choosers, we timidly (note the adverb) express the hope that it will not be an abandoned square piano looking for a home. We have to follow Pullman cars in the economy of space.

#### The Critical Period.

**\$100.50** to **\$5000.**

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**\$105.00** will send a dozen copies circulating for one year through the country.

**\$50.00** will make you a Perpetual Associate Subscriber, entitling you to THE FIELD AFAR without further bother and to many spiritual advantages. The latter may, if desired, be applied to the deceased, in which case the subscription is forwarded where it will do good.

**\$500.00**, doubled and invested, will supply all the personal needs, clothing, books, travel, etc., of one student in perpetuity.

**\$5000.**, invested, will provide continuously for the board and education of one student.

#### If You are so Inclined.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

#### The Doctor's Column.



**"KOI NAHIN, HUZOOR.**  
(No one at all, your Honor.)"

The speaker was a forlorn little woman of some twelve years, wrapped in a single dirty cotton sheet and without the caste mark on the forehead which indicated the Hindu.

I was resting my weary head on my hands, both elbows on the office table of the out-patient surgery, where since eight o'clock I had seen most of the bodily woes of humanity displayed, one after another, before my eyes. I was just about to betake me to my little house in the hospital grounds, when this belated patient rose from the stone floor behind my chair as silently as a wraith. She held out her yellow prescription sheet, on which my Eurasian clerk, hired for some three dollars a month, had written: "Miriam Bibi, Mohammedan, aged 12. Complains of fever and bronchitis."

Fever and bronchitis are very common in the rains and it would be impossible to admit all the sufferers. But when, after a short examination, I proceeded to write down quinine and other things, the word "Bibi" arrested me. It is more or less reserved

\* THE FIELD AFAR \*

for women of better family and might almost be rendered "Lady." Such women do not face a hospital unescorted, even when it is frequented only by patients and doctors of their own sex.

"Have you no one with you, Miriam Bibi?" I asked.

"Koi nahin, Huzoor."

"Are you married?"

"No, Huzoor; nahin."

"Where are your father and mother, then?"

"Dead of the great sickness (plague). Lady, take me into your hospital. I have nothing to eat, nowhere to go. Take me in, Huzoor."

"Have you no one belonging to you, poor child?"

"Koi nahin, Huzoor. No one at all."

It was a feeble little pipe and the frail hands shook as she held on to the table for support.

Oh, what a glorious thing at times is power! I clapped my hands in the fashion of the Arabian Nights; my attendant genie emerged from her task of tidying up the small operating-room and was despatched for a wheel chair to take Miriam to a white bed in the ward.

I am glad to say that Miriam did not die. Good food and kindness brought the rightful roundness to her youthful face. Then I discovered that we needed an extra attendant in the Mohammedan ward and Miriam was only too pleased to stay on in that capacity.

It is much easier to teach Christian truth to a Hindu than to a Mohammedan, and when I came away, Miriam was, like Martin, "yet a catechumen." But she is Our Lady's namesake and we may leave her with the Mother of Orphans—*Consolatrix Afflictorum*.

M.L.

*Address communications to  
PHYSICIAN,  
% Maryknoll, Ossining P.O., N.Y.*

Harvesting.



TO "R. O. Chester," of a certain seminary in New York State which our observant readers will easily identify, we extend an invitation to join our editorial staff.

This gentleman sent us the price of a hundred feet of our land and wrote:

I could worry a lot and build a shack on it, but your "centipede" bargain seems to have even the "Castles in Spain" beaten a hundred ways. Therefore, while I cannot afford to take much stock in your proposition just at present, I am enclosing my first payment, which will, I hope, entitle me to enough land to be buried in, in case I should die before I can buy more.

+ +

DIN DUN is still on the road, only resting long enough to send us back the bright smiles, good wishes and offerings of his willing victims. Here are some return messages from priests:

I wish you and your work all good things. I am sorry that my position for some years back, in hospital, jail and now in a poor section of the city, has not helped me to assist in your great work, but the near future may bring more and I'll share with you.

—AN EX-PRISON-CHAPLAIN.

THE FIELD AFAR need never be afraid to 'Din Dun' Yours Truly or to beg from him. His heart is very much in your success. Enclosed find a V. to keep him in a state of subscription grace for five years.

—WORCESTER.

Pardon my delay in forwarding my subscription for your paper, THE FIELD AFAR. I enjoy reading it; it is admirably gotten up. Please accept the well-wishes of one doubly poor with a vow of poverty.

—BROOKLYN.

HARDLY a week passes without some sign of interest from California. Recently we received no less than one hundred dollars from an old couple who had promised an offering to the Sacred Heart, through St. Anthony, if they obtained the sale of their farm.

The property was not an extensive one and the money realized was only enough to provide these good people with a comfortable living in their declining years. Yet this generous share was sent to us. May God bless the hearts that gave so freely to His work!

+ +

ANOTHER evidence of interest comes from a California business man, who writes:

Every time THE FIELD AFAR arrives at our house, all other papers and magazines are laid aside. The one who is lucky enough to get hold of the welcome little paper first, reads it from cover to cover, watched, meanwhile, politely but determinedly, by the others, who are waiting for the next chance. That shows how much we like it.

Your work has my earnest sympathy and good wishes. I lived in Korea nearly six years and I know what great good can be done there with men and means. The natives have many admirable traits that cause us to wonder if we are so highly civilized after all, and when they are once instructed, they make the best of Catholics. I have been much touched by my observation of their humility, sincerity and devotion, and I made up my mind long ago that if the good Lord sent me wealth, I would do something worth while for the foreign missions.

Bishop Mutel of Seoul has told me that he is sadly in need of missionaries and that while his own Society in France used to send him two priests a year, he is now lucky to get one in two years. Of course you know this, but I want you to feel that others know it too, so that you may thereby be encouraged to expect help from them.

+ +

"Do not discontinue the newsiest newsy paper that comes into the house." (A Reader.)

WE ask your prayers for the souls of:

Rev. John Lynch Mrs. E. L. Corr  
Rev. G. Buffaria Mrs. Maria Yokes  
Sr. Agnes Stanislaus Bridget Conroy  
Albert Aiken

Burse Progress.

This column will habitually record our progress in the accumulation of Burses and other foundation stones of our work. The list appearing monthly will, we believe, prove interesting to all and suggestive to some among our readers.

**A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.**

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	\$3,360.48
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*3,107.50
Towards All Souls Burse	1,278.81
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,256.00
Towards Father B. Burse	*1,054.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse	849.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	768.81
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	672.62
Towards St. Patrick Burse	666.50
Towards the A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse	500.00
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton)	429.03
Towards St. Stephen Burse	342.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	271.00
Towards St. Teresa Burse	200.00
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	197.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	162.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	139.24
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	114.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	103.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	69.00
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	68.00
Towards All Saints Burse	67.05
Towards St. Columba Burse	50.00
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse	38.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

\*On hand but not operative.

Ocean to Ocean

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